The Times-Dispatch
DAILY—WEEKLY—SUNDAY.

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8, 1910.

THE SHIPPERS AND THE CARRIERS.

Some of the newspapers are rather severe in their comments on the Wickersham pursuit of the Western railroads. The Springfield Republican, a God-fearing newspaper, generally speaking, is inclined to "fear" that "politics is playing the chief part in influencing the Administration in this matter;" the New York Sun asks if Wickersham is "merely making adroit and sensational use for political purposes of the technical opportunity afforded to him by the failure of Congress to carry out his chief's recommendations?" the Boston Herald remarks that "Mr. Wickersham has a reputation for cleverness and sharpness as a lawyer second to none," and the New York Times makes the very good point that while under the Sherman law the railroads "are free to lower their rates whenever they want to, or whenever they are ordered to do so by the Interstate Commerce Commission," they "are barred, once they have lowered a rate, from ever raising it again."

We do not believe that Mr. Taft has had any other idea in the litigation now happily hung up than a wholly sincere and honest purpose of protecting the interests of the people who use the railroads in the transaction of their business. The error he made, in our opinion, was venial rather than mortal, and he made it, or permitted Wickersham to make it, which is very much the same thing, because neither he nor Wickersham was well advised of the facts in the case. The railroads in making the increased rates pursued the form followed by them for the last ten years—filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission the new schedules of rates as they have been doing with other rates for the last ten years, notified all shippers of their intentions and proceeded about their business in a wholly business-like and lawful way. There was nothing concealed or surreptitious in their conduct; they were as open as the day, and Wickersham, who is described as a lawyer possessing cleverness and sharpness second to none, did not look at but one side of the shield, so to say. What's Wickersham for except to take the blame for this annoying and altogether unnecessary show of authority? and upon Wickersham's head let all the chips fall. Mr. Taft is not to blame. He had not talked to the railroad people more than four hours before he discovered a way out of the dilemma. The railroads withdrew the rates and the President withdrew the suit. There would have been no suit if the President and the railroad people had understood each other before the suit was begun. This much appears to emerge from the situation.

The only point that is not quite clear is why it should always be assumed that the railroads are in the wrong. We believe that the records of the Interstate Commerce Commission will show that in 75 per cent. of the cases presented to that body, investigation has proved beyond the shadow of a reasonable and intelligent doubt that the railroads have been within their rights and obedient to the law. Yet it was reported by the Associated Press yesterday that "all that President Taft has desired is that the Interstate Commerce Commission should have authority to investigate increases in rates to determine whether or not they are justified by prevailing conditions and are just to the shippers." This power will be conferred under the new railroad law. Would it not be entirely fair if the shippers should be required now and then to show why their demands should not be investigated before they are granted? Why is it that the railroads are always regarded as in the wrong before either side of the case has been heard? What justice is there really in jug-handled justice? Are the shippers invariably just? Have we not all heard of townships and counties that have voted by great majorities bonds in aid of the construction of railroads and that after the roads were constructed tried to escape the payment of their obligations? Now that the damage suit business appears to be losing ground a little, would it not be just to inquire first whether or not the shippers are right before assuming that the carriers are wrong?

In the present case the railroads claim that they cannot afford to haul freights at the old rates without losing money. Under the wholly amicable adjustment of the Wickersham prosecution reached on Monday, the railroads will be cut out of their necessary revenue on the freights they shall carry from now until the new rate law shall go into effect. Who will make their losses good? They say that the new rates are not unjust, and we believe that they are telling the truth, but the shippers complain and immediately, without investigation, their complaints are sustained, and the relief they seek is secured with a high hand and an outstretched arm. We have an idea that this is not just.

CRUM.

President Taft's nomination of Dr. W. D. Crum, of Charleston, S. C., to be Minister to Liberia should have the immediate confirmation of the Senate. He will fit the place very well and the place will fit him. Dr. Crum is a very good negro. He is a physician by profession, and has taken an active part in Republican politics in his State. He acquired great notoriety by his appointment as collector of the port of Charleston. He was selected for that office not because of any special fitness for it, but because of the color of his skin.

All the trades bodies of the town and State, many commercial organizations in the South and in other parts of the country, the municipal authorities of Charleston, the State Legislature of South Carolina, the Senators and Representatives from that State and the most reputable newspapers in the country, North as well as South, protested against Dr. Crum's appointment; but it was driven through, and for about six years he held office against the wishes of the people who did business through it, until finally he went out with the malevolent power which created him, to the great satisfaction of the community upon which he had been forced. He represents one of the most disgraceful incidents in American politics; but we wish him well, holding now, as we have always held, that he was simply the clay in the hands of the most brutal potter that has ever held power in this country. Crum as United States Minister to Liberia is one thing; Crum as collector of Charleston was an entirely different thing. Mr. Taft is making the punishment fit the crime, speaking in a purely descriptive way.

SERVING JUSTICE, NOT CLIENTS.

President Taft said so many things and said them so well on his last trip from Washington that the press has been unable to keep pace with him. One day he was telling the young women of Bryn Mawr College to get all the education they could and then to get married; the next he was saying that socialism is the greatest menace of the country, and the third day he was telling the country to hold fast and not to break the bridle.

One of the best speeches made by the President on his trip was the one he delivered last Friday at the Ohio Northern University, where he outlined the ethics of the legal profession. He said that the lawyer owes a duty to the court in which he serves and a duty to the society whose guardian in a measure he is. He must defend his client and see that his interests are protected, or he must prosecute offenders in the name of the law and see that justice is maintained, but he should remember that his duties end here.

This is old-time talk, and it is somewhat contrary to present-day legal ethics, but it is sound, through and through. There are too many lawyers in America who can be hired as partisans for any cause and who can be employed to fight their client's case, right or wrong, with all the zeal of a crusader. They take advantage of every quibble, they use all the tactics known to their calling, and they never surrender until the last court decides against them and the last appeal is taken. On principle, a lawyer must fight and fight hard, for the lawyer who is not whole-souled in his work is of little use to his client; but there is such a thing as a zeal that defeats justice. The lawyer owes a duty to his client, of course; but the lawyer owes a duty to justice as well, and when he cheats the courts for the benefit of his client he defies the system upon the justice of which he must rest his next case, and gets for his client an advantage which he would have the law deny his opponent.

PRETTY, BUT USELESS.

Luther Burbank, whose star went into a partial eclipse after the "wonderberry" affair, has again come before the public. This time he announces that he has perfected two flowers, both new to mankind. One is a poppy, which he characterizes as a "combination of the Shirley, the tulip poppy and a species found in the mountains of North America." It is larger than any other poppy, is of a brighter hue, and offers a "combination of new shades." The other new flower is a white evening primrose which is five inches in diameter.

The new flowers are doubtless pretty and will make a valuable addition to the list of floral beauties which brighten weddings and lend tone to funerals, and they should not be scoffed at by people who have seen the wonderful development of flowers during the last few years. We wish, however, that Burbank, who certainly has genius, would devote his time to the study of fruits and vegetables, which may not be pretty, but which have a very definite use in the world. If he can make a primrose five inches in diameter, why should he not enlarge the size of the blackberry, and if he can blend two flowers, why can he not blend two fruits? Of course, he has done a great deal in this direction, and has achieved some wonderful results; but these successes should encourage him all the more to work along the same lines and not to waste his time with flowers. Suppose he could grow tobacco plants with larger leaves and smaller steams, or wheat with more grain and less straw, or raspberries without seed or canteloupes without a "hole in the middle," would he not perform a greater service for the race than if he made American Beauty roses a foot in diameter, or poppies as large as water buckets?

The development of plants is perhaps not more difficult than the development of flowers. The process of evolution is the same and the secret of growth is the same. The secret power which transforms the orchid under a master's hand in the course of a few weeks; which causes a reversion of species in the pigeon within the space of three months; which evolves the horse during the sweep of five centuries, is the same power, and it must yield in time to the mind of man.

THE BRIDGE MUST BE BUILT.

The Supervisors of Henrico County know their own business and are public-spirited men who look to the best interests of their county, but they made a serious mistake yesterday in declining to build a bridge near the Belt Line trestle to connect Henrico and Chesterfield. The Supervisors argued the question at length and finally decided, as reported this morning in The Times-Dispatch, that the cost of the bridge would far outweigh the advantages to be received by its erection.

In reaching this decision the Supervisors evidently were not looking to the future. The cost of the bridge would be great and the immediate benefits to either county would probably not be very great, but the erection of this bridge would assure the future of those parts of both counties facing the river and would, in addition, be a most excellent investment. Richmond is growing westward and is growing very rapidly along the river. Within a few years Westhampton and the opposite bank of the James in Chesterfield county will be covered with splendid residences. The natural surroundings are so beautiful and the location so perfect that progress along the river cannot be stopped. If a bridge were built more villas would rise and lands along the river would inevitably increase very rapidly in value. Henrico and Chesterfield within a few years would gain in taxes enough to pay the interest on the bonds expended for the bridge and to provide for the sinking fund.

Besides, the counties might very properly expect assistance from the street car company and from land owners along the river in building the bridge. As everybody concerned would gain by the building of a bridge, everybody would be willing to contribute and the counties would not be forced to bear the entire burden. The bridge must be built, for progress demands it, and if the counties will not start the enterprise private capital will.

SOME SPANISH WAR HISTORY.

An age of decaying statesmen is always an age of reminiscence, and as America is blessed at this time with a number of public men whose glory is passing, the country is being flooded with bits of more or less authentic political history. A few weeks ago Senator Depew told how war with Great Britain had been averted during the happy days of Grover Cleveland, and, before his story had gone the rounds of the press, Senator Platt's autobiography was given to the world, in which was disclosed the full history of a certain "kicking" process that cost the country a great deal.

The latest addition to these backstairs chronicles comes from John E. Lamb, of Indiana, who told a reporter in Indianapolis the other day that Speaker Tom Reed never believed that the Maine was blown up by the Spaniards. As Speaker Reed was by no means the only American who held to this heresy, this part of Lamb's story would not be worth the telling, had it not been followed by another bit of Spanish War history which is interesting in itself and doubly interesting as it shows the result of what is called "political expediency."

According to Mr. Lamb, Speaker Reed told him at Palm Beach, early in 1899, how it was that the United States began its unjust war against Spain. The day before the extra session of Congress began, in the spring of 1898, Reed called on President McKinley and listened while the President read the message he proposed to send to Congress. In this message, the President urged that Congress accept Spain's overtures for an arbitration of the Maine explosion. Reed heartily approved this, and went away rejoiced, thinking that there would be no war, but he found that, after he left the President, Mark Hanna and other politicians of his stripe came to the White House and prevailed on the President to change that part of his message which referred to arbitration. They told the President that if he sent a message to Congress urging peace, the Republicans would lose the fall elections. The people demanded war, and they would put Democrats in office who would force a war if the Republicans declared for peace.

We should be loath to accept this bit of posthumous biography, were it not so entirely typical of the spirit which rules in high places, for such stories easily originate when all the principals are dead. In the circumstances, however, and in the light of the Republican record, it is not in the least degree unlikely that Mr. McKinley sanctioned the Spanish War not because the war was just, but because the war would carry the fall elections for the Republican party, and it is still more likely that he was persuaded to this course by the Republicans of the Middle West, to whom office was everything.

"Political expediency" and not national justice has always dominated Republican councils, ever since the day the first Republican leaders made the slavery question a national issue because they knew that it would appeal to the passions of the North, because they felt that by it they would win, even if the country were ruined. "Political expediency" which began the war prolonged the war by prompting the emancipation proclamation, and "political expediency" made the South pass through the horrors of Reconstruction because the Republicans knew that the people of the North were thirsting for vengeance. The same spirit led them in the days of Hayes to withdraw the Federal troops from the South and the same spirit has prompted their every political move in recent years.

It requires no prophet to see that however much may be gained by yielding to the popular clamor, to win an election, the cause of Justice must suffer whenever Right yields to Advantage.

JIM ORANGE IS DEAD.

Everybody who ever went to a baseball game in Richmond knew Jim Orange, and everybody laughed at him. Arrayed in his "rooter's uniform," with his opera hat, his frock coat, his green vest and his flowing red necktie, Jim was the hero of the "ten-cent bleachers," the unfailing champion of the home team and the unyielding enemy of every other team in the league. Richmond might play ball that disgusted the less loyal fans, and might pile error on error; the pitchers might weaken and the baserunners might fall asleep, but they never received a word of criticism from Jim. "You're all right, boy," was his cheering remark when a disappointed Richmond player returned to the bench amidst an ominous silence. When the spectators began to criticise the local team, Jim was withering in his satire: "You're a ten-cent sport," he would say, "and you haven't got gizzard enough to play ping-pong! What's the use of coming to the game if you don't root for the team?" and then, in a moment, though the score was seven to one, and the "Colts" could not touch Long John Fox, Jim would be leaning against the fence and would cry at the top of his voice, "Perry, knock it a mile." Perry never did it, but he always heard Jim's encouraging voice and so did every other "fan," from the grandstand to the box-cars and the tree tops.

Jim is dead now,—died yesterday of consumption at his mother's home, on West Marshall Street, where he had been confined since last January. He never greeted the players this season and he did not see Big Wallace when that hero knocked that record-breaking home run; but he was missed by the team, missed by the newspaper men and missed by the spectators.

Jim was honest and his heart was in the right place. He never did a mortal any harm in his life, and he brought joy to the heart of many a man who watched his antics and listened to his jibes. It cannot go hard with Jim when he faces the Great Umpire and hears the decision that finishes the game forever!

COMMENCEMENT AT THE "CORNER."

This is Commencement Week in Due West. It began last Sabbath with two baccalaureate sermons, one preached by the Rev. George E. Guille, of Augusta, Georgia, to the graduating classes of the two colleges, and the other by the Rev. Dr. B. F. Riley, "Ben" Riley, as we used to know him, of Birmingham, Alabama, to the graduates of the Theological Seminary. Both of these sermons were, however, not preached at the same time and place. Mr Guille "was select in his illustrations, choosing only those that tended to drive his message to the heart," and Dr. Riley's discourse "was a gem in thought, composition and delivery." The men graduates and the women graduates walked into the church two by two, the choir was composed of twenty men and women—tenors, baritones and basses, sopranos and altos, and "the singing was without accompaniment," and "never were the Psalms, one of the distinct features of the Church, more beautifully sung." We can very well believe it, but it will interest Charles Hopkins Clark, of the Hartford Courant, probably, to know that the conditions have not changed materially at Due West since the building of the railroad to Donnaldsville, the special correspondent of the Charlotte Observer saying:

"Due West, cut off from the busy run of the world, with an atmosphere of Sabbath quietness and solemnity, abundant in matchless beauty of nature; shady streets and yards, with the song of birds, and nature with her thousand voices echoing praises to the great Creator, is indeed an inviting place for a Sabbath of worship and praise. Amid such an atmosphere the mind of man naturally turns to the spiritual."

Nothing there about man mingling his "amplifying magic with the riotous designs of the God of Nature;" nothing but an exquisite description of the hollest place in all this land of the blest.

The exercises will continue several days, and by the end of the present week the little town will settle down for the summer, the dullest but the most delightful place in the world, with nothing for anybody to do and with nobody wanting to do that. This week touches the high water mark of life at the "Corner." For weeks the country around about has been searched for chickens and butter and eggs, and every house in town will be filled with guests. Such eating is known nowhere else. Long time ago, one of the special features of Commencement Week was molasses pie. The recipe has been lost, we are glad to say; but it was a remarkable confection in its day and time and required great skill in eating. That was also the era of saleratus biscuit and corn pone; but they, too, have passed out and passed on; but the town is there still, its trees and memories and shady streets and singing birds, its church and college bells.

ALL EXPLORERS SHOULD BE BONDED.

Harry Whitney, who was to prove the case for Dr. Cook, but who somehow missed his connections, is off for the Arctic. He is accompanied by Paul J. Rainey, of Cleveland, and he is bound first for Sydney, Cape Breton. There he will join the ship Beothic and will proceed northward under the guidance of Captain Bartlett, who was the real leader of the Peary expedition.

Mr. Whitney says that his trip is simply to enjoy a hunt, and he denies with some heat having any other purpose in view. Of course, the country ought to believe him, because he believed others last year, but for all of his reiterations and asseverations, there are some who will recollect that Doctor Cook also went north on a hunt and declared several times that he would do nothing but hunt.

It is a little hard on Mr. Whitney and very unjust, but people will suspect that he is bound either for Etah or for the Pole, and will not rest easy until he comes back either with Dr. Cook's documents or with more "proofs" that he reached the top of the Earth. The country will demand it of him. The only safe course in the circumstances will be to bond Whitney and every other man who sails North to do a certain thing and nothing else. If Whitney want to hunt, well and good; but let him bond himself to hunting and not to pole-seeking. If he want to make another dash for the Pole, we have no objection, but he must have responsible men in this country to guarantee that he is going to the Pole and not to the north of Somebody's land, just beyond civilization. Besides, after he has executed his bond, his bondsmen should send along trustworthy witnesses to follow him every day and see that he fulfils his contract. We do not want any more "going it alone."

A FAIR THAT PAYS.

Some days ago we urged upon our neighbors the benefits to be had from a revival of the old-time county fairs. We pointed out the need of some general county gatherings in these days when the conveniences of postal delivery and the abolition of the county courts have taken from the post-office and court-days their claim as great social institutions. We suggested, also, that if the county fairs were generally revived, they would supply what is now so sadly lacking, and would be a great factor in educating our farmers.

The Fredericksburg Daily Star, which always thinks straight, says that the people of Spotsylvania are of the same mind and have tried the plan. Knowing that the county needed some regular social gathering, they did not abandon the old custom. The Star says:

"We have kept up our fair—not a county fair, but a district fair; and we have found it to be both profitable and pleasant from every standpoint. The Times-Dispatch says a corn exhibit and competition for prizes for corn displayed should be an essential part of these fairs.

"Well, we have had a splendid corn exhibit for several years; in fact, the Fredericksburg fair was the pioneer in this line, and at the coming fair this fall competition among farmers for corn prizes will be an important part of the fair programme. Our fair offers $160 in corn prizes. This year's fair is expected to be up-to-date. At the same time, it is desired to preserve the features of an old-time county fair."

This ought to convince those of our country brethren who have hesitated to take up the idea. What Spotsylvania has done, other counties can do, and what Spotsylvania has gained other counties can gain, to the benefit of the whole State and the joy of all the people in this blessed Eden of bliss.

Thousands of home-seekers are said to be flocking to the arid West. Why don't they come South.

The Baltimore Evening Sun calculates that out of the 457 days he has been President, Mr. Taft has spent 319 days in Washington, or, counting out Sundays, about 265 working days. We are glad of it. Why should he stay in Washington when he can get out into the country with the people? Virginia and California and North Carolina are just as important in a sense as the District of Columbia, and wherever Mr. Taft has been there has been the seat of Government, or at least an important part of the Government. We really think Mr. Taft could manage the affairs of the nation in Richmond as well as in Washington.

The State Historical Commission of North Carolina is said to be preparing a volume which will set that State straight on the bond question. "It will contain every bit of documentary evidence bearing upon the issue of bonds by the State of North Carolina, including acts of Assembly, bills offered, reports of committees, messages of Governors, and similar papers," with the object, we are told, of laying this particular ghost forever. This is an important work and it will doubtless have a very good effect; but in view of certain historical inveracities the Historical Commission has permitted to circulate without correction, and so far as we know without the least effort at correction, it does not follow certainly that its work on the bond business will be free from revision.

"Scholarly and dignified in appearance, philosophical as a lecturer, this man is more than an agitator; he is called by those who love him teacher and leader of men." That's Debs, as he is described in the Hartford Courant by E. R. Bloor, of the Press Committee. It is important that he should be labeled so that men who do not love him will know exactly what he is.

Daily Queries and Answers

Address all communications for this column to Query Editor, Times-Dispatch. No mathematical problems will be solved, no coins or stamps valued and no dealers' names will be given.

"Type Poison" and Its Cause.

Please answer the following questions:

1. What is type poison and from what is it caused?

2. Is setting type in a printing office considered healthy?

3. How many linotype machines has The Times-Dispatch? FOREMAN.

1. You probably refer to lead poisoning, which is not uncommon among painters and printers. The following note of thid disease appears in the New International Encyclopedia, Vol 12, page 42:

"Acute poisoning, which is but seldom met with, is due to the irritant action of lead salts on the alimentary canal. The treatment consists in administering an emetic (say twenty grains of zinc sulphate), washing out the stomach and giving a dose of Epsom salt. Much more common and important is the chronic form of lead poisoning. Chronic lead poisoning may be due to drinking water that has passed through new lead pipes (in course of time, a deposit of insoluble salts forms on the inner walls of pipes, and thus the danger of lead being dissolved in the water is considerably diminished), or water that has been kept for some time in lead cisterns. The amount of lead that may thus be dissolved depends much on the quality of the water. Considerable amounts are dissolved if the lead is exposed alternately to the action of air and of water. Another source of chronic lead poisoning is in the often uncleanly habits of painters, plumbers and workingmen engaged in the manufacture of lead compounds. Absorbed for the most part by the kidneys, lead may cause pronounced symptoms of anemia, gout, chronic inflammation of the kidneys, chronic inflammation of the peripheral nerves, muscular paralysis, and more rarely certain forms of epilepsy and insanity. A well known symptom consists in the formation of a characteristic dark blue line on the gums, due to the precipitation of black sulphide of lead, the sulphur coming from the food or from the tartar on the teeth. Another common symptom is known as 'painter's colic.' The treatment of chronic lead-poisoning consists in the administration of opium, cathartics, sour lemonade, soluble sulphates (Glauber's salt or Epsom salt), and potassium iodide. Of course, care must be taken to remove the cause and thus prevent further poisoning."

2. Typesetting is a healthy occupation if the compositor is cleanly in his habits, and especially if he take care to always wash his hands before eating or putting anything in his mouth. If he is not careful of these points he may be poisoned by the lead.

3. Nine. The rest of your query has not proper place in this column. Address the Foreman of The Times-Dispatch Composing Room for information.

Ex-Confederates Drawing Pensions.

Please give me the number of ex-Confederates, including the widows, who are drawing pensions from the State appropriation made for that purpose. I hardly reckon you can tell exactly, but give it as near as you can. Please do not refer us to any one. A number are waiting your reply.

A TRUE VIRGINIAN.

If you will write to the Auditor of Public Accounts, Richmond, Va., he will send you a full printed roster of the State pensioners. The amount paid in pensions for the fiscal year ending September 30, 1909, was $432,065.09.

ANCIENT HUNGARIAN ANCESTRY OF QUEEN

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

ALTHOUGH Queen Mary's Hungarian ancestry is not royal, yet it is ancient, for her father's mother, Countess Claudine Rhedey, who on her morganatic marriage to the royal Duke Alexander of Wurtemberg, was created by Emperor Ferdinand of Austria Countess of Hohenstein in her own right, belonged to a family of the Magyar nobility that can trace its ancestry back to the year 1300. Known as the Rhedeys of Kis-Rhedey, their title of count dates from 1659, but the house has now become virtually extinct in the male line.

Duke Alexander of Wurtemberg, that is to say, the grandfather of Queen Mary of England, was born at Stuttgart in the first years of the nineteenth century. Entering the Austrian army, he rose very rapidly in rank, commanding the Sixteenth Army Corps in the war against France and Italy of 1859, which culminated in the battle of Solferino, and in the Peace of Villafranca. By his morganatic marriage with Countess Claudine Rhedey, he had three children, namely, Francis Count Hohenstein, subsequently created by the King of Wurtemberg, first prince and then Duke of Teck, and who was the father of Queen Mary, and two daughters, Claudine and Amelie. Claudine, who was advanced to the rank of Princess of Teck by her kinsman, the King of Wurtemberg, died unmarried, sixteen years ago. The other sister, Princess Amelia of Teck, married Count Paul Hugel, an officer of the Austrian army and titular chamberlain of Emperor Francis Joseph. She died in 1893, leaving an only son, Count Paul Julius von Hugel, now about forty years of age, unmarried, and an officer of the Austrian army. He is, therefore, a first cousin of Queen Mary.

Young William Fairfax Lucy, who has just succumbed to an operation for appendicitis, was the eldest son of Sir Henry Fairfax Lucy, and heir to his baronetcy, as well as to Charlecote Park, in Warwickshire. The latter came to Sir Henry through his marriage with Ada, daughter and heiress of Henry Spencer Lucy, a lineal descendant of that Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, who had up Shakespeare before him for poaching in Charlecote Park, and was in consequence thereof immortalized by the Bard of Avon as "Mr. Justice Shallow" in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Shakespeare, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," makes fun of the Lucy coat-of-arms, and caused the Welsh parson to understand the three luces—the medieval English name for the fresh water fish now known as the pike—as "three louses." Shakespeare, also, unless I am much mistaken, further held up the owner of Charlecote Park to ridicule in some doggerel lines, which are familiar to most readers of his works.

Sir Henry Fairfax Lucy assumed the name of Lucy, in addition to his own patronymic of Fairfax, on his marriage with the heiress of the Lucys of Charlecote, in accordance with the terms of her father's will. He is descended from the same ancestor as the American-born Lord Fairfax, his father's armorial bearings having been identical with those of the American Fairfaxes, as also the motto of "Fare fac."

One of Sir Henry's ancestors was Vice-Admiral Sir William Fairfax, who was with Wolfe at the taking of Quebec, and captured the first ship taken in the war with France, on the occasion of the famous sea fight between the Arethusa and the Belle Poule. It was for his services there, as also at the battle of Camperdown, that a baronetcy was granted later on to his son Henry, the patent expressly stating that it was bestowed "in consideration of his father's services." His son, the second baronet, was a Crimean veteran, and his son, in turn, the present baronet, namely, Sir Henry Fairfax Lucy, was formerly an officer of the Second Life Guards, is carried on the reserve of the regiment, served in the South African War, has been private secretary to a couple of Cabinet ministers, for the sake of the political experience, and has also become a member of the bar. He is very well off, for, in addition to the property which he inherited from his father, and that which came to him through his wife, he also inherited a large fortune as well as a considerable amount of property, from his grand-aunt, Miss Ramsey, owing to which he quarters the arms of Ramsey with those of Lucy and Fairfax. The Ramsey estates, which he owns, are situated in Forfarshire, in Roxburghshire, and in the county of Edinburgh.

Sir Henry Fairfax Lucy, it may be well to add, should not be confounded with Sir Henry W. Lucy, the well-known English journalist who contributes to many American newspapers and magazines, and who for very many years has figured in the pages of Punch and on its staff as "Toby, M. P."

The entire Polish aristocracy, in Germany, Austria and Russia, is excited over the arrest, on a charge of murder, at Warsaw, of Count Bohdan Ronikier, one of the most conspicuous figures in the great world at Warsaw, related to all the great houses of the Polish nobility, and who has achieved considerable fame as the writer of some very successful plays and popular novels of the patriotic order.

Last month the body of his wife's seventeen-year-old brother, Stanislas de Chrzanowski, was found in a fourth-rate hotel at Warsaw, transpierced with no less than seventeen knife wounds, many of them mortal. The proprietor and several of the domestics of the hotel were at once arrested, and it was ascertained that the lad had been in the house only a few hours before he met with his death, and that he had gone there on leaving the school where he was receiving his education. It was in consequence of revelations made by the prisoners that the count was seized by the police and charged with being the principal in the murder of his young brother-in-law.

It seems that Bronislaus Chrzanowski, who is one of the greatest territorial magnates and richest multimillionaires in Poland, had, in addition to this now murdered son, one other boy, who is afflicted with congenital and incurable imbecility, and an only daughter, married to Count Ronikier. The latter, who is very extravagant, and who has recently lost enormous sums at the card table, seems to have believed that if he could only get his wife's sane brother out of the way, she would, in consequence of the mental affliction of her other brother, inherit all her father's enormous wealth. By reason of her being the heiress, her husband would have been able to borrow large sums on the strength thereof. That is asserted to have been the motive of the crime, and inasmuch as it has been definitely established that it was the count who himself hired the room where the room where the boy was murdered; that his neck at the time of his arrest bore the trace of severe scratches, presumably received from the lad in endeavoring to defend himself, and that the most damaging papers have been found by the police when they instituted a search of his house in Warsaw, and of his principal country seat, his guilt is regarded as definitely established.

As this is not a political crime, the count, if convicted, will escape with his life, and be sentenced to perpetual imprisonment in some remote penal settlement, or in some Siberian salt or silver mine, for capital punishment has been abolished ever since the days of Catherine the Great in ordinary criminal procedure, andh as only been retained in the army and navy as part and parcel of the so-called Articles of War. Political crimes aro not tried by the ordinary tribunals, but by military courts, in accordance with the provisions of military law, and it is in this way that the Russian government has for the past forty years found means of inflicting capital punishment upon the authors of Nihilist outrages, without violating the statute of Catherine the Great, removing the death penalty from the code of criminal law.

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